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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BUDDHISM.

BY PROF. H. H. WILLIAMS.

ALTHOUGH the world in which Gotama lived and labored differs in the deepest degree from the world of European life, and although the story of Gotama's life reads like a tale, yet when one actually touches the stream of this life he sees that it is uncommonly human. The fact is, Gotama was a man among men—even a full man among the few most earnest men of the world. The story of his life runs thus.

Beneath the shadows of the Himalaya mountains, within the basin of the river Rapti, in the land of the Sakya people, and about the year 550 B. C., Prince Siddhartha was born. His father, Suddhodana, was ruler of the Sakya people. His mother, Mâyâ, died seven days after the birth of Siddhartha. The Sakya people saw daily the mountains in the North rising into the heavens, they enjoyed their rich and highly cultivated rice fields, they were proud of the power and nobility of the ruling family, and they rejoiced in the fact that an heir was born to their ruler. They were an aristocratic and proud people, at this time, and practically independent. There was culture and much luxury in the royal residence. The early years of Siddhartha were spent in ease. He lived a life, we are told, becoming a Prince of the Sakya people. No pains were spared that the course of his life might be smooth. It was the desire of his father that Siddhartha should see the bright side of life only. Dark pictures were forbidden his presence. And we are assured that for twenty-five years Siddhartha saw the beautiful and pleasing only. We are not told how these things impressed the Prince. Here and there comes a suggestion of a deep and powerful under current in his life, but this current never rises to the surface. About this time he takes a drive in his chariot. An old man in deep suffering, a corpse, and a resigned monk are met. These seize the attention of the Prince. His driver, Channa, tells him that these men are not unusual—that old age, suffering, and death are the fate of every man. The drive is stopped abruptly; the charioteer is ordered to return to the palace. Siddhartha has been brought face to face with a mighty fact. Long and earnestly he gazed upon life. He looked until he

saw into the heart of it. Old age, suffering, death, these make life! Like a child, he goes to his royal father and asks deliverance from this fate. The request goes beyond the power of the father—and he says so. The Prince is now heavily depressed. There is for him one other possible source of deliverance—viz. asceticism. This was the way the learned and wise of his day traveled in search of salvation. It was the road the good men of India, pious monks, took. And this way was open to Siddhartha. He abandons the life of a prince and lays down his inheritance. At night when the royal household are asleep he steals from the palace and escapes the city,—he assumes the yellow garb of a monk and enters the life of an ascetic. The Prince, Siddhartha, is now the monk, Gotama. For six years Gotama leads the life of an ascetic. We are told that his asceticism was even beyond that of any other monk. A long and thorough test he gave the doctrine. He denied himself, he crucified his body until it was dead. He is said to have been in the act of dying, when he came again to himself and asked for food. The food revived him. He began at once to take proper and sufficient nourishment and came again into his full physical life.

But by doing this he had abandoned asceticism. He had followed this way to the end. It brought him not deliverance, but death. But death was the fact he dreaded most. In this manner he was lead out of asceticism. And he abandoned it as abruptly and thoroughly as he had abandoned the life of a prince. Still he had not attained deliverance. Again he stood alone. And this time his loneliness was intense. But his courage did not fail him. Night and day he sought an answer to his question. The problem of suffering kept its grip upon him. In the seventh year of his struggle the moment of supreme enlightenment came. He had meditated, says Oldenburg, "till the consciousness of omniscient insight possessed him: the "light to discern, with unfailing intuition, the mistaken ways of the faith that then obtained; and the "knowledge of the sources whence earthly suffering "flowed, and of the ways that led to its annihilation."

He saw the cause of suffering; he saw the way of escape from suffering; and this knowledge made him

Buddha. In this knowledge his soul entered into salvation and broke the weary chain of transmigrating. He ended forever his days of birth, suffering, and death. Following this conversion comes the third crisis in his life. He had won the holy truth and gained salvation: should he preach this truth to man? Why should he? Why did he? He decided to preach,—but not until the Gods had interposed in the behalf of men.

The three crises in the unfolding of this life are problems for the psychologist.

First, the change from the life of a prince to the life of an ascetic.

Second, the transition from asceticism to Buddhahood.

Third, the resolution to be a missionary—to preach the holy truth and gather disciples.

The first of these, the change from the life at court to the life of an ascetic, was a normal product of the forces at work in the Hindoo consciousness. The power of tradition, the habit of mind made rigid by the rule of five hundred years, and a thousand illustrious examples, led him this way. There was nothing strange in this resolution to enter the ascetic life. This change was an every-day fruit of Brahmanism. The woods of India were full of monks at this time. The only fact of consequence in this course of Gotama was the severity of his asceticism. We may then omit this transition in his life as belonging to Brahmanism, rather than to Buddhism.

Gotama abandoned the ascetic life abruptly and forever. Why? Because asceticism did not give him the knowledge he was seeking, and because he saw that in a few days he would be a dead man. Brahmanism said that asceticism was the way to salvation. Gotama entered this way and trod it to the end. He did not find salvation. But he stood face to face with the one thing dreaded, death. This experience forced him to abandon Brahmanism. He gave up asceticism once for all.

How could Gotama justify this course? By taking Brahmanism at its word. "Knowledge is power," said Brahmanism. A man is that which he knows. And conversely, a man is not actually that which he is in essence until he knows his essence. "That art thou," writes the Vedantist at the head of his system. Man is Brahma, but he must know this before it is a fact for him. Knowledge is the supreme essence to the Hindoo. Gotama desired deliverance from old age, suffering, and death. He attempts thus to apply the doctrine to life. But asceticism could not deliver him from death. On the contrary, it hastened a certain death. And death meant another birth and more suffering. Asceticism could not give him knowledge of the cause of old age, nor knowledge of the way of

escape from death. Gotama had asked for salvation at a new point; asceticism had no answer to give. But the very soul of Brahmanism is, that knowledge of the way of salvation is salvation. It asserted the all-power of knowledge. It declared Brahma to be pure intelligence. It declared knowledge the ultimate category. It had no place for faith. Gotama was thus true to the principle of Brahmanism in deserting it. Brahmanism had raised a question that it could not answer. It stood thus teaching its own inadequacy and compelled its own downfall. Knowledge being the ultimate category, Gotama was obliged to abandon his problem or seek its solution elsewhere than in asceticism. It is not that Brahmanism is overthrown in Buddhism, rather is it that Brahmanism is completed in Buddhism. Brahmanism is the work of man when he sees for the first time knowledge, sees the power of it, feels the charm of it, and sees that it is that by which man may multiply his power in infinite fold. The Hindoo went wild with this idea. It brought an uplift to his life and strange enlargement. The discovery was greater than that of Newton, greater even than that of Columbus. Its thrill was keener,—its inspiration was deeper. Entering into this idea, the Hindoo consciousness did its great and everlasting work, took its place early in life beside the world-forces. Gotama was its loving child. His life, his salvation, his God, was knowledge. His confidence in the power of knowledge is sublime. See the beauty of his trust:* "At that moment, Phralaong (Gotama), lifting his eyes, looked on his right, left, and front, for the crowd of Nats, Brahmas, and Thagias that were paying him their respects. But they had all disappeared. He saw the army of Mauh Nat coming thick upon him from the north, like a mighty storm. "What!" said he, "is it against me alone that such a countless crowd of warriors has been assembled? I have no one to help me, no father, no brothers, no sisters, no friends, and no relations. But I have with me the ten great virtues which I have practiced; the merits I have acquired in the practice of these virtues will be my safeguard and protection; these are my offensive and defensive weapons, and with them I will crush down the great army of Mauh." Whereupon he quietly remained meditating upon the merits of the ten great virtues. Then follows a series of frightful dangers, but none of them disturb the calm meditation of Gotama. For Gotama, knowledge was power and life. It was definite knowledge of a definite thing that made him Buddha. And to be Buddha was to be head of the universe. Buddhism is then the supreme expression of the Hindoo's glorification of knowledge. Brahmanism teaches the power of knowledge; Buddhism teaches the definite knowledge that uproots the

* *The Legend of Gaudama*. Bigaudet, Vol. 1, p. 87.

cause of all suffering. Buddhism is then applied Brahmanism. This doctrine of Buddhism was wrought out by Gotama. It was his own work,—not the gift of any God.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

JUSTICE IN CONTRAST WITH EGOISM AND ALTRUISM.

BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.

THE essential thought or measure of justice is equality. It is not merely doing as we have agreed to do or as the law requires, but consists in giving to all men a fundamentally equal consideration. We may see its meaning more clearly, if we contrast it with other impulses of our nature.

The first antithesis to it which I shall consider is selfishness. By selfishness I do not mean simply caring for ourselves; that we must all do. Selfishness means *ignoring* others, or being interested in them only to make something out of them; it means failing to treat them as equal to ourselves. Selfishness and justice are thus in diametrical contrast. Selfish men may obey all the laws and keep all their contracts, but they can never be just men. Yes, selfishness may reach out its hand and control the making of laws, and regulate, in the measure of its power, the habits and customs of the industrial world. I have in a previous article spoken of laws that were themselves unjust; in probably every case their origin can be traced to the selfish interests of some individual or class. Landlords may be such a class, as was once the case in England—and in France before the Revolution; manufacturers may make such a class, as seems to have been the case in this country; freemen may make such a class against slaves, as happened very generally in the ancient world, and men against women, as has been the case almost down to to-day. A law in these circumstances becomes a means of enforcing selfishness; and what should be a symbol of justice in the eyes of the people becomes itself injustice.

So private bargains may be unjust. We think of ourselves only in buying a man's labor, and do not ask what it is worth, but what is the least we can get it for. Or if we are workmen, and it happens that there are few of us and we are hence enabled to fix our own terms, we put them as high as we dare, without thinking what the real value of our labor is. "Charging all the traffic will bear" does not seem to be the motto of one or two monopolists merely, but of trade and industry in general—and it seems as if in secret we all wished we might be, for a longer or shorter time, in the position of the monopolists. Hence the wages of many men barely cover their subsistence; hence not a few (and apparently an increasing num-

ber) can get little or no work to do; hence industrial contentions, wars, strikes, lockouts, violence, and no end of bitterness—all because selfishness is the maxim of business, because the commonly recognised rule is that a man is only to look after himself and may take advantage of others so far as he can (in a more or less open market). For by selfishness I do not mean that hideous thing which only exists in people's imaginations and in inveighing against which preachers and teachers always have the sympathy of their hearers; I mean the selfishness of every day, respectable selfishness, selfishness that is a part of the normal order of society that now is, selfishness that political economists have sometimes treated as the premiss of all their reasoning and the only solid basis of industrial society. And my point is that this real selfishness is not the simple, natural, harmless thing we often take it to be, and only to be called wrong when compared with some very lofty and transcendental standard, but that it is neither more nor less than injustice, a violation of the simplest standards of equity.

The condemnation of selfishness does not mean that we are to give ourselves up to living for others, that we are to be continually straining to rise to altruistic heights, but simply that we are to consider others with ourselves and to be unwilling to make them mere instruments of our own advantage. Selfishness is favoritism, it is acting as if we were alone in the world, or, if others are about us, as if they existed only to serve us,—as a lady once said to me that she thought some persons were in the world to serve and others to be served, she herself belonging in the latter category; and all that justice asks is that these artificial lines of division be broken down and if service is still spoken of, that service be given as well as received, and every one be an end to us as well as a means to our own ends.

The rule which has well been called "golden," which comes to us from Christianity, and yet belongs to other religions as well, does not go beyond the bounds of justice; it is "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." We sometimes ask whether love is not more than justice, and I once heard it said by an eloquent divine, that while appetite, inclination, and will were under law, love was under no law; but justice is really a rule for love as for all other impulses and emotions; for love may be partial, it may be self-centred, or centred on some one person or set of persons to the exclusion of others, while justice asks that it go to all; indeed universal love, love that ignores no one, that leaves not one human soul out of its account—this is but another name for justice. Justice cannot be separated from love; for, in this relation, it is but an ideal of what love should be—it is a call for large, equal, impartial love. Nor can love be separated without danger from justice; for, of itself, and apart from

the mind, it is an impulse that like any other impulse may be lawless and arbitrary.

And this leads me to speak of the second contrast to real justice. Justice, I have said, asks that we consider others as well as ourselves; but beyond this it asks that we consider others alike. Many are those, who cannot be called selfish persons, who yet are most grievously partial in their regard for others. They are capable of great devotion to their friends, but they have little sense of the rights and claims of those outside this restricted circle. They may love their friends so strongly that they will stop at nothing to serve them. A man may love his family in this way, and be so anxious to do for them that he will take advantage of or even injure others, to get what will make his family comfortable and happy. A partisan may be unselfishly devoted to his party, or an ecclesiastic to his church, and in pursuance of his aim break faith or betray his friends. A landlord in Parliament, a manufacturer in Congress, may think of others beside himself, and sincerely wish to benefit the class to which he belongs, and yet be regardless of others outside that class. Justice is more than altruism, unselfish devotion, and the like; it means unwillingness to injure *any one*, aversion to gaining for others, as truly as for one's self, by inflicting loss. It means that one will have nothing, and seek for nothing, that is inconsistent with the equal good of all.

I have said, in a previous article,* that the ultimate rule of right action was, to work for the welfare of man (interpreting welfare in the fullest sense). I must now add, what I only implied before, that by this I mean the welfare of all men. It is possible that the welfare of a few might be gained by sacrificing the welfare of the many. Nay, this has perhaps actually happened. There are scholars who tell us that but for slavery in the old world, civilisation would not have reached the proportions that it did; some being set aside to do the necessary labor of the community, others were given the leisure that was required for science, art, and the higher interests of man. So there are those who tell us in face of the social problems of to-day, that the great mass of men must work with their hands and live in some discomfort, in order that the rest of the world may be comfortable. This is a convenient philosophy, but it seems to me totally unethical. Men may *use* their chances for self development or not, as they choose; but in justice every one ought to have the chances. The welfare of man means the welfare of *men*; and at bottom, every one has the same claim to be considered as every other. The slaves in ancient Athens had essentially the same rights to self-development, that a Plato or a Pericles had; they might not have used their chances, but that

was no excuse for depriving them of them; a man's use of his chances is his own affair. So every one of our factory population to-day ought at least to have the chance of living a truly human life; it is as much his right as that of any more favored or fortunate person; and society ought to be so organised as to give every one that chance; however practically difficult it may be, that should be the aim. There ought not to be a single human being who has not the leisure to think, to enjoy what is beautiful, to acquire knowledge and culture, to fulfil in some measure the spiritual ends for which he exists; and if to this end some who have much leisure now must have less, let them be willing to have less, let there be some proportion in the opportunities that are given to men, let there be something like equality—for that is what justice means. Civilisation, culture, science, art—these are great ends, but they are somehow tainted when they are accessible to a few only, not to all, when the many (not by choice, but by a necessity of their situation) are shut out from participation in them; they seem to have the seeds of corruption in them, as indeed the pages of history show us one great civilised people after another arising and flourishing and then disintegrating and passing away. Civilisation must be general, pervasive—it must be different from the civilisation of a London, a Philadelphia, a Chicago, as truly as from that of an Athens or a Rome; it must be founded on justice and then we may believe it will not pass away, as every partial, one-sided civilisation must and should.

And as justice means equal regard for all the members of a single community or people, so it means equal regard for all the different races of mankind. A people may secure its welfare by injuring, crippling, or even wiping out another people; and this is often justified. Many are those who justify our treatment of the Indians, because it was necessary, they hold, that this great and powerful nation, which we call the United States, should be built up here; but if we give unqualified assent to such an argument with all that it implies, we might as well dismiss the thought of justice, once and for all, from our minds. If simply to make way for a higher race, an inferior one may be rooted out, then there is nothing wrong in any man's doing violence to another man, who is inferior in any way to himself; then the idea of human rights, as such, is an illusion, and the notion, that a man's person and property are, if anything, only the more sacred, because he cannot defend them himself, is a piece of folly. Better acknowledge, that as a nation we have committed a great sin, and are still committing it, than take a position which logically undermines some of the fairest and sanest of man's moral convictions. Granting that our race had the right to come here, and to live and multiply here, the problem of justice was,

* On First Principles in Ethics in *The Open Court*, No. 240.

to live *with* the red man not by destroying him; the justice-loving Frenchman did do this to some extent, as ordinarily the heedless Englishman did not even try to; and the problem for us to-day, it may be added, is to begin such a policy, while yet there is a chance. And so with all taking possession of new lands by civilized peoples; so with general racial intercourse; no interests, no gain, nor advantage of any kind, can dispense with the fundamental requirements of justice.

Justice is contrasted with altruism in still another way. To many, justice brings up little else than what is due to others; and perhaps with our ordinary notions it is impossible that we feel there is any special nobility in considering ourselves as well as others; and yet the antithesis to justice I now have in mind is nothing else than excessive altruism. Perhaps in no way is it better shown that our mind is the true guide, rather than our feelings, than by the fact that it is difficult to bring feeling into harmony with reason on this point. For example, I recently read the following from Tolstoï—a writer whom no one can mention without respect and a certain reverence: “The least complicated and shortest rule of morals that I know of, is this: Get others to work for you as little as possible and work yourself as much as possible for them; make the fewest calls upon the services of your neighbors and render them the maximum of services yourself.” Now I appreciate the generous feeling that pervades such an utterance; we instinctively admire self-forgetfulness, and self-sacrifice; and yet when I *think* of it, when I bring my reason to bear upon it, it seems somehow extravagant. Others are to do as little as possible for me and yet I am to do as much as possible for them! Of course, if others are sick or weak or helpless, the matter changes; then such conduct is only reasonable; but stated as a general proposition, what equity is there in it? Why should others be so much more to me than I am to them? Are they another order of beings? How should I feel myself, if I were in their place and had others working for me as much as possible, while I did as little as possible in return? Should I not feel ashamed? Do I not know that to accept as much as possible from others, while giving as little is only copying after those who have deemed themselves lords on the earth, like husbands who have expected self-sacrifice from their wives yet never dreamed of practicing it themselves, like rulers who have demanded that their subjects should serve them, but have felt no obligation to serve in turn, like those factory-lords of to-day who are willing to take all their working men can produce for them and yet give in exchange little more than suffices to keep them alive? The truth is that to be unselfish in this strained and one-sided way is not only contrary to equity, it is, as history and expe-

rience show, to play into others' selfishness. Such unselfishness will indeed only practically work as somebody else is selfish—so that if this kind of altruism is really the highest thing, we may come to the strange conclusion that it is even the duty of some people in this world to be egoistic, (so that such altruism may have a chance to practice itself,) very much as I have known some good Christian people to think that poverty was not after all so bad, since otherwise there would be no occasion for the beautiful virtue of charity. What a welcome task it would be to many people to play the rôle of egoists in the moral order, how beautifully would duty and inclination thus for once coincide!

No, the fact is, altruism of this sort is sentimentalism, it is without rational basis; and justice, in any real sense of the word, calls for self-regard as truly as for regard for others. We are ourselves human beings as truly as others, and in whatever sense we should love and honor others, we should love and honor ourselves. We are not mere means to other's ends, any more than they are only means to our ends; we are ends in ourselves—and if we do not (in this sense) have a certain self-respect I do not see how we can truly respect others. I sometimes think that it gives an added dignity to our love for others, that we first love ourselves—while those who think nothing of themselves, who neglect themselves, who think there is nothing about themselves worth caring for, do not really have so much to give when they are ready to give. I think every man should stand on his own ground, should feel that in a deep sense he is the equal of every other; every working man should rise to the consciousness that he is not a mere tool, a “hand” (as the phrase often is) for another's uses; every woman should feel that she is not a mere companion or helpmeet for man—not to say, instrument for the satisfaction of his desires. Self-reverence is the first duty for every man, woman—and for every child as it grows to know what a self is. I join with Shakespeare when he says,

“Self-love . . . is not as vile a thing as self-neglecting,”

and again,

“Love, loving not itself, none other can.”

And I join in the more prosaic language of Socrates so many hundreds of years ago, that it is disgraceful for a man to grow prematurely old through self-neglect, before proving to himself what he might become, if he were in the best and strongest condition of body. An exaggerated altruism is also the fault sometimes of mothers, i. e., when they make themselves almost slaves to and drudges for their children; not only are the children encouraged in dependent and selfish habits, but they do not themselves secure the respect and reverence which should be theirs.

Thus in various ways does justice serve as a corrective principle to our natural impulses. Neither egoism nor altruism is a true principle in morals; neither is capable of philosophical defense—both are sentimentalism. Justice is alone capable of rational derivation and it includes the truth in egoism and altruism. For it is regard, affection, love, but equal love: love without partiality, love that would give to all men their birthright; love, too, that would make us honor ourselves and would do away with all one-sided sacrifice.

CURRENT TOPICS.

There is a dyspeptic opinion coming into fashion to the effect that the President's term of office ought to be made six years long; for the reason that this quadrennial turmoil interferes too much with industry and business. I think that instead of increasing the length of the presidential reign we ought to diminish it, because the humors of a presidential election are a wholesome national tonic, diverting the nervous energies of an overstrained people to something else than business; and compelling them, whether they will or no, to learn something of social economy, history, and politics. The man must be a cynic who does not enjoy the story of the democratic barbecue given yesterday "regardless of expense" at Shelbyville, Indiana. There is nothing in Mark Twain more irresistibly comic than this description of a candidate for the second office in the republic competing for a hearing with a showman standing at the door of a tent proclaiming in a voice like a "loud bassoon" that he had a sea monster on exhibition within at the low price of ten cents admission for each person or three for a quarter. Even the most bitter and partisan opponent must feel a touch of sympathy for a Vice President Expectant appealing to Judge Hord the chairman of the barbecue and asking him "if the yawp of the showman could not be stopped." What follows is full of pathos. "Judge Hord shook his head sadly," because the fakirs and showmen had paid for their privileges; whereupon the Vice President Expectant said, "Then I will make my remarks brief"; which he did. The showman was more magnanimous; he did not make *his* remarks brief; and he never once asked the chairman to stop the "yawp" of Mr. Stevenson, although it was interfering with the performance of the sea monster in the tent.

Several years ago I had the honor to serve as a delegate at a Republican convention held at West Union in the state of Iowa; and let it be borne in mind that the Democratic convention had been held the week before in the same town. There was only one saloon in the place, and that was in the cellar of the United States Hotel. In the middle of our proceedings we had a call from labor to refreshment, and in obedience thereto some of us went down into the cellar aforesaid. While the mixer was mixing the poisons I casually remarked, "Pretty busy to-day!" To which he mournfully replied, "Busy! This convention don't drink worth a dime. You ought to have been here last week when the Democrats had their convention. Why! They had to stand in line as they do at the post office. They reached from this yere bar, clear along, right up them there steps, and out on to the sidewalk." It was the same way at the barbecue, as appears by the following incident, which is only one of a hundred specimens. "One enterprising saloon, knowing the rural preference for a 'jug,' had laid in 500 little stone jugs each holding a quart. They were all gone before the procession started. All the other saloons prepared for a big business and they got it. Just one bar at Shelbyville was compared with the big bar at the West Hotel, Minneapolis, during the Republican

national convention; and the difference between them made the Republican affair diminutive and contemptible. Tom White, in addition to his saloon, "had four shell games running, and one 'hironymous' which is the old chuck-a-luck dignified and honored by expansion." In addition to those libations, burnt-offerings were devoted to the god of ballot-boxes; no less than twenty-four fat steers being slain, and roasted on gridirons made of rails borrowed from the railroad company.

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Judging from the speeches, and the political wiles and stratagems made and done, I am inclined to think that Tom White was not the only man who run shell games at the barbecue. For instance, is there not a little joker somewhere concealed under this description of the Hon. William S. Holman, member of congress from the district? It is meant for flattery, which probably it is: "Mr. Holman wore his famous campaign suit, a long black and quite rusty top-coat, with the collar half up and half down, a big slouch hat, a small satchel, very much worse for wear, and unblackened boots. His black necktie was also brought around studiously until its knot was nearly under his left ear." This affectation of rusticity and honest-farmerism has the appearance of a political shell game; harmless enough, but after all, a deception and a play. The old man who for a purpose wears rusty coats and unblackened boots, when he can afford better, is as much a fop as the young man who wears fine clothes, expensive beyond his means; but Mr. Holman is far more a philosopher than a fool. He knows that a shabby and unkempt appearance makes votes for a candidate among a rural population, and so he wears a "campaign suit" which gives him a homespun Davy Crockett appearance at a barbecue. "It was quite evident," says the historian, "that Judge Holman had come down to see his constituents." The reporter further says, and so I know it must be true, that he jested with Judge Holman about his "campaign appearance," and the judge responded thus, "Yes these are my constituents now. I don't know how long they will be. But he added, with a sly look at the crowd, "one must always be prepared, you know." I have a suspicion that some very eminent men of the four great parties, who have been speaking, writing, and expounding so much of late, are, like Tom White at the barbecue, running a shell game.

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The useful pulpit practice of exchanging sermons might be imitated with advantage by newspapers in the exchange of editorials. For instance, the comments on Mr. Harrison's letter of acceptance would answer admirably for editorials on Mr. Cleveland's letter, by simply reversing the names of the rival candidates, the praise and censure of Harrison's letter being inversely given to the manifesto of Cleveland. Mr. Harrison's letter is two or three weeks old, but I remember the criticisms on it, and this morning I find them reproduced with photographic accuracy for the benefit of Mr. Cleveland. It is very interesting to note the contradictory qualities of those political state papers, depending altogether on the party-spectacles through which they are seen and read. I will quote by way of example the opinions of two papers of opposite politics in New York, and two in Boston. The *New York Tribune* says of Mr. Cleveland's letter, that it is "evasive and feeble," while the *New York Times* declares that "there is not a trace of sophistication or evasion or circumlocution in it from beginning to end." The *Tribune* says the letter shows that "Mr. Cleveland no longer dares to challenge a direct verdict of the people on his *real* convictions"; while the *Times* avers that it is "a brief, simple, and direct statement of what he *really* believes." The *Boston Journal* scornfully says, "The American people like sincerity and courage, and they find neither in this letter"; while the *Boston Post* proudly proclaims that the letter is "a model of frank, honest, and straightforward sense." Those tunes with some unimportant variations

will be played on the letter by all the party papers in the country. The Republicans tooting on the one key-note, and the Democrats on the other. It is curious that those comments are not in answer to one another, but all of them appeared at the same time.

* * *

And so, General Pope is dead. I knew him well, Horatio! He was one of the misfits of the great war; the right man in the wrong place; a little magniloquent captain whose very words conspired against him. His contempt of his own generals came back to him, if not in treason, at least in disobedience. In resentment they gave him sinister support, his campaign that had so much martial promise in it, failed, and his imperial proclamations fell to the grade of bombast. General Pope was neither a great man nor a great commander, but he was a greater man and a more skilful general than present history thinks he was. He was not a man to be loved, but hated rather by those whom he commanded; he was overhearing and insulting; vaunting and theatrical in his writing and in speech; harshly critical of all other men. He was generally disliked, but he was a brave man and a fighting general. He had a notion that when in a time of war the government gave him the command of so many hundred or so many thousand soldiers, it was his duty to take them somewhere and fight somebody. I remember taking a night march with him in the summer of '61, when he had only 600 men. He had learned that a rebel force was in camp some twenty-five miles away, and although it was bedtime when he heard of it, he made us march all night to find the enemy. He drove their pickets in before the sun was risen, dispersed them, and captured their camp before breakfast time; in fact it was the enemy's breakfast we devoured. When he had 60,000 men he had the same opinion still, that he ought to fight somebody, and had his officers all been inspired with a like belief, his Virginia campaign would not have ended in disaster. He never hunted reasons for not fighting. The roads were always good enough for him to march on, and he thought that bad weather was just as bad for the enemy as for him.

* * *

In yesterday's paper appears a comical description of the Chicago naturalisation mill; a judicial instrumentality by which aliens are converted into citizens. The judge, who for the time being run the mill, mixed business and pleasure very much after the manner of that eminent juridical humorist, Chief Justice Jeffreys, who, according to Macaulay, had a playful habit of irritating and tantalising suitors, witnesses, and other persons who had business in his court. In examining the applicants for citizenship, the Chicago judge, with elephantine banter, put this question, "Were you ever in the penitentiary?" an oblique insinuation which not only made merriment for the spectators but also caused some of the applicants "to blush and hold down their heads, while others in awe of the court's majesty struggled to suppress their indignation." Indignation in such a case is natural, but awe is impossible, for a court condescending to such a question has neither majesty nor dignity. If one citizen should humiliate another by publicly asking him if he had ever been in the penitentiary, the judge himself, if he knows any law, would hold the words to be actionable slander, as a sinister intimation that the person addressed had been convicted of crime. He would not allow a lawyer to put such a question to a witness on cross-examination, unless the counsel had good reason to believe that the implication concealed in the question was true. It is the rule and theory of our government that the humblest person rightfully in a court room is under the protection of the judge. To insult him where he cannot resent the wrong because of the "court's majesty," is neither generous nor brave.

* * *

From this morning's paper I learn that the sarcastic judge referred to in the preceding paragraph "is to be requested to revise

the questions which he propounds to applicants for naturalisation papers." This remonstrance is to be made, not because of anything undignified, offensive, or improper in the questions, but because the ballot workers of the judge's party have discovered that the judicial conundrums are having a mischievous effect upon the "ticket." This is a serious matter, for we would not offend even Satan if we thought that by doing so we might cause injury to our consecrated, precious, and infallible "ticket." Had the ballot workers been endowed with any political sense, they would have tempered the judge's irony long ago, instead of waiting until several hundred voters had been ground out of the mill, most of them very angry, and hardly able to "suppress their indignation." In their own language, the ballot workers have just found out that "it is not advisable to ask an applicant if he has been in the penitentiary." They would not ruffle the self-esteem of the judge by pretending that there is anything narrow or intolerant in the question, but it is merely not "advisable," just on the eve of an election. They are simply "apprehensive that those to whom the question is addressed will not only vote against the candidate who asks it, but against his whole ticket." Their apprehension is well founded, and it is altogether likely that hundreds of other citizens, naturalised years and years ago, may resent the judicial slight and vote against the judge.

* * *

I once knew a dancing-master, whose care it was to explain to his pupils what was "etiquetrical" in a ball room. He gave me many valuable hints in deportment, and I try to observe them as closely as I can. Lately I have been reading a little book which tells me what is and what is not "the correct thing" to do in a great variety of social situations, but I have not been able to find anything in it on the subject of theological politeness; and this is the more curious because a code of etiquette is needed in the sectarian world. Men who are too well bred to intrude upon my private affairs, and who literally do not care whether I go to bodily ruin or not, will stop me on the street in amiable anxiety about my soul, and tell me how to save it. Is that politeness or presumption? In the language of the dancing-master, is it "etiquetrical"? The reason why I ask is that the point has lately been raised in reference to the action of Professor Huxley, who, careless of his own spiritual welfare, indignantly tore up a tract which a distributor handed to him in Barmouth, in Wales. It was not the gratuitous impudence of the evangelist that irritated the professor so much as the accompanying question, "Have you got your soul saved?" The religious papers are unanimously of opinion that Professor Huxley was guilty of agnostic rudeness in tearing up the tract, and that the colporteur was theologically polite in accosting him on the street, thrusting a tract into his hand, and asking about his soul. They do not allow that a man is entitled to privacy in spiritual as well as in temporal affairs; and they forget that an impertinence offered recklessly, whether it be taken as an insult or not, *is* an insult, and that the man who offers it must expect rebuke. Professor Huxley himself, describing the affair, and referring to the question, "Have you got your soul saved?" says, "I have sufficient respect for genuine religion to be revolted by blasphemous impertinences, so I answered somewhat sternly, 'That is my business.' And concluding the paper to be a tract, a form of literature I do not affect, I tore it up and threw it away. On reflection, I do not see what other course I could properly have taken." Many a time I have had a like experience; and once a holy person, who was very well aware of my peculiar views, accosted me and inquired about my soul. He gave the question a pungent flavor by a little pious vitriol administered in this agreeable form: "Your hair is a-getting white, and a-blossoming for the grave; and it's time for you to be a-thinking of your soul." I think there ought to be a book on religious etiquette.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

BOOK REVIEWS.

PUSHED BY UNSEEN HANDS. By *Helen H. Gardener*. New York: Commonwealth Company.

This volume of stories comes with the recommendation of Dr. E. C. Spitzka, a prominent alienist of America, who says: "We see strange things in the field of heredity, and I can pay the book no higher compliment than to say that I had heretofore believed only specialists capable of at once intelligently and popularly dealing with these subjects." The praise here intended is undoubtedly well deserved, although we do not find in the book any such remarkable scientific knowledge as Dr. Spitzka's statement would seem to indicate. It certainly bears witness to Miss Gardener's acute and accurate observation, but a knowledge of the phenomena which her stories are written to illustrate could easily have been obtained from the columns of the daily press. This does not detract, however, from the merit of the stories, which are valuable not only as literary productions, but also as studies of social phenomena. Some of them deal with subjects which are of great importance as serious social abuses. Thus in the pathetic story of "His Mother's Boy" is depicted the selfishness of the man who requires or approves of a woman's absolute self-denial that her husband or son may gratify his every wish. The moral of the story, however, is that "undue repression, as surely as undue indulgence, will make its heavy mark on the plastic nature forming," that is, the unborn child. Nature struggles to restore the balance, and the authoress accepts the view that "a run-down system depriving itself of stimulants it craves," may account for "the yearning born in many a man for such stimulants." "Old Safety-Valve's Last Run" deals with the crying evil of the overwork of railway employes, which has so often led to disastrous accidents. In "Onyx and Gold" we have an illustration of the working of a law which disgraces some of the statute books of this country. According to this law, if a man swears that his income "is not more than enough to support him in the manner in which he was brought up," he cannot be compelled to pay a debt; so that a rascal may be rolling in luxury while the unfortunate victims of his dishonesty are dying of starvation or broken hearts.

We have a story of a different type in "Mr. Walk-a-leg Adams 'Meets up With' a Tartar," which illustrates the curious fact that a brain may sometimes be aroused into activity by a vigorous blow on the head. This amusing story is probably one of those referred to by Dr. Spitzka with special commendation, another being "A Hall of Heredity." Here we see how a tendency to insanity may be transmitted from a parent to his child and how it exhibits itself in a certain physical defect, and also in a precocity of mental activity, which, if not judiciously checked, will result in the equilibrium of the mind being permanently destroyed.

All the tales in this small volume are not of equal merit, and it would be difficult to find in them any justification for its title; but we think that on the whole it will sustain the authoress's well-earned reputation. Ω.

TARIFF REFORM THE PARAMOUNT ISSUE. By *William M. Springer*. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. Price, \$1.00.

This is a valuable text-book for campaign purposes; and the main purpose of it seems to be the success of the Democratic party. It has this merit that there is very little of the abstract about it, and scarcely anything of what is derisively called "theory." It is not the treatise of a "doctrinaire," but a thick volume of evidence, and argument made from facts. The stump orator on the Democratic side can hardly do without it. No matter how well he may have his lesson learned, this book will make his task much easier than it would otherwise be. The defect of it is its negative, apologetic, and conservative character. Mr. Springer handles

a truth as if he were afraid that it might be too true, and hurt the party.

Mr. Springer brings a formidable array of testimony against Protection and he strengthens his proof by logical argument; but he hesitates to let his witnesses testify in favor of Free Trade. If the expression Free Trade appears anywhere in the book it has escaped our notice, and "Tariff Reform" is an evasive subtlety that may mean a tariff higher than McKinley's or lower than Morrison's, accommodating either party; like the elastic nightcap, which in the language of Cheap John was "large enough for any man, and small enough for any boy." Mr. Springer will not be obeyed when he says to a fact, "thus far shalt thou go in evidence but no farther." It cannot be made to show that Protection is morally wrong and Free Trade politically inexpedient. For this reason, in spite of him, his book will be found as valuable to the radical Free Trader as to the conservative Tariff Reformer; and more so.

M. M. T.

NOTES.

Dr. Paul Carus arrived from Europe on Thursday last.

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